THE New Republic

**The Democrats Compete at Chicago**

**by Michael Straight**

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MARTHA GELLHORN

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GERALD W. JOHNSON

# How to Win a Passport

RICHARD L. STROUT

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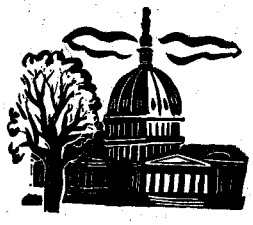

# Washington Wire .... T.R.B.

**Who wins** the Cold War is a good deal more important than who wins the next US election. Partisanship is folly in such a field. But it is not partisanship to express troubled wonder at the Administration's role today. It is now evident that Geneva was a failure; the strain of competitive existence will be intensified. This has begun already as Bulganin and Khrushchev make their triumphant tour through India, where "a million" welcomed them at New Delhi. Faced with a crisis like this, Truman produced the Marshall Plan and NATO. Where are this Administration's ideas? It has done almost nothing to cut tariff barriers. At the present juncture, Administrator for International Co-operation John Hollister returns from abroad to say that foreign aid should be curtailed. On November 16, the Administration let it be known that it will hold back up to 20 percent of this year's worldwide economic and technical assistance (which means cutting aid to India, for example, from $50 million down to $40 million). Again, Dulles in his radio-TV announcement to the nation that Geneva has failed proposes no next step. He reiterates that foreign aid will not be increased. The time calls for bold leadership but when has that been visible in the past three years?

**Some bad apples** will show up in any Administration. The difficulty today —as a series of businessmen are forced out of Washington jobs under the conflict-of-interest statute — is two-fold. First the GOP adopted in its 1952 Crusade an unctuous tone for which it is almost impossible not to twit them today. Second, the businessmen who are being thrown out all have in common an outraged feeling that they are being badly used, revealing an insensitivity to the ethical side of the public case. Secretary of the Air Force Talbott was operating his own management consulting firm on the side; Commissioner of Public Buildings Strobel also had his consulting firm, but said he only did its work on his lunch hour; Adolphe Wenzell served both the government and his banking firm in the Dixon-Yates deal; retiring Commissioner of Internal Revenue T. Coleman Andrews is brazenly becoming head of a big insurance company which is in serious difficulties with the Internal Revenue Service; ICC Chairman Cross is under examination by a Senate subcommittee for alleged indiscretion in a railroad contract deal. This businessman's Administration is so self-righteous that it can hardly understand where the fault lies; Ike decorated Talbott for his services after the latter got his public and private affairs embarrassingly mixed up. We shall not hold up our hands in horror at these incidents most of which seem to us comparatively minor, but it does seem to us as though Ike's celebrated hound's tooth club was developing some cavities.

**On the political** front, it is noted that Adlai emphasized "moderation" at Chicago. We have previously mentioned our guess that 1956 will not see radical pitted against reactionary so much as two parties competing for the middle. It is now generally felt that Stevenson has a smoothly functioning professional team and that he got off to a good start at Chicago. Another drama is simultaneously taking place at Gettysburg. GOP leaders feel that Ike has now sufficiently recovered so that they can move in on him and twist his arm to run. That process is now going on. They are telling him that the fate of America, of peace, nay more, the GOP, hangs on his decision. The pressure will get brutal before it is over. In this struggle we feel strongly for the President. If he decides to run—well, we prefer him to almost anybody else the GOP is likely to choose. On the other hand if he decides to retire (as we still think probable), we wish him well, and long enjoyment of the role of elder statesman where he can be invaluable.

**Next Monday,** November 28, the long-awaited White House Conference on Education opens here. Just two days later the Virginia legislature meets in special session at Richmond to call a constitutional convention to attack public schools. Since the Supreme Court has ruled that public schools must be integrated, Virginia is preparing to use tax funds to support private schools (now prohibited under the Constitution). Simultaneously in a third direction the Roman Catholic hierarchy has issued a careful statement arguing that private and parochial schools have "full right" to government aid. The statement is apparently directed at the White House Conference. The timing of these respective developments makes the White House Conference of absorbing interest. The Administration is trying to keep it a cut-and-dried affair, but it may get out of hand on these and other topics and blow up in the authorities' face. Nobody can tell whether it will stick to platitudes or take up realities. As for Virginia, there is still some chance that its hasty proposal may be headed off. Certain it is that the whole South is watching Virginia's example.

**Notes:** The 12 members picked for the new "Commission on Security" to make an impartial survey of the government's "risk" program is a so-called blue-ribbon commission made up mostly of nonentities; it seems to have been picked in a fit of absent-mindedness and cynicism; its report is to be filed a year from this December. . . . Ike's heart attack produced paper stock market losses which, at their height, reached $18 billion; most of this loss has now been recovered but announcement that he won't run, if it comes, should cause another bad break. . . . The stock market has the job of discounting the business future which is rosy, but this market is so high that it seems to be discounting not the future but the hereafter. . . . This column sometimes ponders on who has taken Heywood Broun's place in US journalism; we think it is Murray Kempton of the *New York Post* whose stories from Mississippi during and after the Emmett Till case are as fine as anything we have seen lately. . . . Kempton is a comparative youngster, and it is wonderful to think that he will be writing for years to come. . . . And finally, as we predicted, the magazine *Steel* says steel prices will be raised by as much as $12 a ton by next July; steel profits are now the highest that they have been in history.

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# BEHIND THE HEADLINES

## Russia Displays Her "New Means Short of War"

THE East-West struggle has entered a new phase which calls for far-reaching decisions in American foreign policy. The need for decisions arises from the triumphal tour of Comrades Bulganin and Khrushchev to the warm ports of South Asia, from Russian intervention in the Arab-Israeli dispute, and from the stalemate of the recent Foreign Ministers Conference. Even these events are but the protruding top of the iceberg. They confirm a renewed Russian drive to achieve world victory by means other than war. And there is ample evidence that this drive will be sustained.

This situation calls for a sharp turn in foreign policy strategy, such as the world situation has required twice before since World War II—in 1947 (Greek-Turkish aid, Marshall Plan, Rio Pact) and 1950 (North Atlantic Pact, military build-up).

**By 1955** we reached that "situation of strength" for which we had rearmed, a situation which was to make possible negotiations with the Russians. Those negotiations, now bracketed in history by the two Genevas, confirmed that the major East-West differences are not negotiable. Competitive co-existence was indeed to be competitive. The primary reliance upon military strength, which has characterized the past five years of American policy, was grossly inadequate to meet the new Russian moves.

The "means short of war" by which the Soviets now pursue their objectives can be readily described from recent events.

1. The Communist bloc is offering increased trade, economic loans, and second-hand arms to many non-Communist countries in Asia, but especially to those "neutralist" countries which are not aligned with the West. This means certain Arab countries — Egypt, Lebanon, Syria, Saudi Arabia, and Yemen; and certain South Asian countries—Afghanistan, India, Burma and Indonesia. This is ruble diplomacy, but it is much more.

2. The Soviets are taking sides in local quarrels between a neutralist and an Allied country. They are supporting the Arabs against the Israelis, Egypt against Sudan on Nile waters, Saudi Arabia against Britain on Buraimi oasis, Afghanistan against Pakistan on tribal lands, and Burma against the West on a market for her surplus rice.

3. The Russians are turning Asians against Asians along the lines of the Manila and Baghdad Pacts. Thus Afghanistan, India and Burma are being goaded against the Manila Pact members, and the new Arab friends of the Soviet against the Baghdad Pact members.

4. The Soviets have allied themselves with the greatest force in Asia today—the drive for economic betterment and freedom from foreign interference. Somehow the Russians have come to be accepted more as Asian than Western, and have made Asians feel that there is no longer a Communist threat to their independence. The *London Observer* has called this one of the most striking world developments of the past 12 months.

5. The Soviets continue to utilize local Communist parties to exploit every grievance, promising Asian peasants lands if their country should go Communist, and jobs for the unemployed when the Marxist millenium arrives. There has been no reported change in the local Communist Party line. But such an ambidextrous policy toward the recognized government and the local Communist Party also characterized Russian strategy in China during the last decade before Chiang Kai-shek was driven from the mainland.

A part of the new Russian tactics—notably the use of foreign economic and military aid—was introduced first by the US in South Asia. The Russians undoubtedly looked on with envy while the US supplied the critical margin of support to India's first 5-year plan, now acknowledged to be the most successful non-Communist revolution in Asia. But the Russians arrive on the scene just as America appears to be wearying of the game, and as India is completing its second 5-year plan.

**Front page news** about the Russian visit to Asia focuses on the physical drama: the jet plane . . . the million Indians strewing flowers in the streets . . . the pilgrimage to Gandhi's grave. But behind the physical drama is a turn of events in these Asian countries which makes the timing of the Russian visit critical to the free world. Consider these facts.

*India.* In 1951 the first national elections in Indian history placed in office the Indian Congress Party and its political chief, Jawaharlal Nehru, for a 5-year period. But the elections also revealed a powerful, second-ranking Communist party which campaigned on the issue that Nehru could not solve the food shortage and unemployment. Nehru promptly launched the first 5-

"Say—what have we got in this next race?"

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year plan, a $5 billion effort. That plan is now 4 months short of completion (March 31, 1956); it is over the top in its food goals, and overall, attained 87 percent of its objectives. Nehru's political record will thus be difficult to challenge in the 1956 elections.

About 15 percent of the cost of the first 5-year plan came from abroad, including $450 million from the US, $100 million from the World Bank and $80 million from the British Commonwealth. Nothing was supplied by the Communist bloc. Indian leaders acknowledged the crucial role of foreign aid.

**Now India is** in the midst of drafting the second 5-year plan, to be launched next April 1. Because the new plan stresses industrialization, its cost may be triple that of the previous plan, or nearly $15 billion, and the proportion of foreign equipment needed will be much higher. Indian leaders have informally consulted American Embassy officials about the possibility of a large American loan to help meet the foreign exchange gap in the second 5-year plan, a gap ranging from $1 billion to $1.5 billion in various estimates. No formal request has been made, but the Indians already have an informal answer.

The Administrator of the American aid program, John B. Hollister, returned from an Asian trip in October to announce that he thought American aid to Asia could be reduced in 1956. And the news leaked from the State Department on November 16 that Mr. Hollister had put a freeze on 20 percent of all aid funds for the current year in order to help Treasury Secretary Humphrey balance the budget. This was two days before the Russians arrived in Delhi.

*Burma.* The chief revenues of this agricultural country come from the export of rice, but world markets have tightened up, and Burma held a surplus of a million tons of rice at the beginning of the present crop year. Her problem is much like Secretary Benson's. And her chances of solution are made much more difficult by the US, which has preempted most of the Japanese market for American exports, and is now negotiating a preferential agreement with Indonesia which would injure Burmese sales.

In this situation the Soviet Union prodded all members of the Communist bloc to buy Burmese rice. More than half a million tons was ordered in 1955. Most of the trade was on a barter basis, with Communist countries supplying manufactured goods in return for rice. The Burmese economy is now virtually tied to the Eastern bloc.

*Afghanistan:* This central Asian nation of 12 million people, occupying an area equal to Texas, was the historic buffer between Russians on the North and British on the south. More recently the Hindu Kush, the continental divide which cuts across central Afghanistan, has divided the Russian penetration in the north from American assistance in the south, including a $50 million TVA-like project on the Helmand River.

This balance has now been upset. In early 1955 Pakistan closed its frontier temporarily to Afghan trade, over a local dispute, and thus cut the natural corridor to the outside world. Within weeks Russian trucks were carrying Russian goods to bazaars in all parts of Afghanistan. At a mid-November meeting of all Afghan tribal chiefs, Prime Minister Mohammad Doud Khan declared that Pakistan had upset the balance of power by its alliance with the US, and Afghanistan must now decide whether to restore the balance by an alliance elsewhere. The Afghan government accepted a Russian invitation to send a military mission to Prague to shop for arms.

It is situations like these which new American policy decisions must seek to solve. There is ample evidence that this new Russian initiative will be sustained. A drive to the south was the historic aim of the Czars, and led to the two Afghan wars and the Crimean war. In Soviet times this aim was confirmed by a secret letter from Molotov to von Ribbentrop in 1939, found by our troops in the German archives. In post-Stalinist times this Russian faith in economic rather than military victory has been repeatedly asserted, most recently in an editorial in the leading Moscow political journal *Communist* for October, 1955.

**For all these reasons,** 1956 will be a year of decision in American foreign policy, despite a convalescing President, despite the demands of an election campaign, despite the drive of the Secretary of the Treasury to balance the budget. Proposals will certainly be advanced for greater loans and grants to Asia than have yet been considered. But money is only part of the problem, perhaps the lesser part. Of far greater complexity is the problem of how to align America with the hopes of Asians for equal status, national respect, and true self-determination without alienating our European allies, many of whom still retain colonies. This is the problem so admirably developed in Chester Bowles' recent book, *The New Dimensions of Peace.* It is a problem heretofore unsolved by either Democratic or Republican administrations.

Default on this issue in 1956 could prove a more costly setback for the free world than the recent stalemate at Geneva.

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# First Clash in Chicago: The Rival Democrats Meet

**by Michael Straight**

**The rabbi** delivered an almost interminable benediction; Mayor Daley wished everyone a happy Thanksgiving in the name of The Chicago Democracy, and added GOOD NIGHT! The floodlights in the amphitheatre went out and 2,500 Democrats who had paid $100 apiece to eat a slab of beef and a mound of mashed potatoes trooped well contented into the snow-laden street. The main speakers of the evening, Averell Harriman, Estes Kefauver and Adlai Stevenson, returned to their suites in the Blackstone and Hilton Hotels. There, the receptions that greeted them were a fair indication of their standing at the end of a three-day conference that was less than a nominating convention, but far more than a routine meeting of the Democratic National Committee. A sober Harriman surrounded by a handful of New Yorkers read the newspaper for a short time and decided it was time for bed. A grave Kefauver chatted with a group of ardent but anxious admirers. A cheerful Stevenson moved for two hours among an enthusiastic throng that seemed to have no cares. "We're so far ahead that I'm frightened," said a Stevenson manager, and he added, "But I don't mind being more frightened than I am!"

**Harriman came** to Chicago with an impressive staff, an inflexible determination to slow down the Stevenson bandwagon, and almost no support outside New York. Blunt men among his entourage protested in anger about "the steamroller," for they shared Kefauver's opinion that members of the staff of the National Committee were working for Stevenson. More sophisticated advisers maintained in sadness that Stevenson cannot join together and lead the elements that make up a successful liberal coalition. All the Harriman staff hammered away on their strongest argument —time. The eight months that must pass before the Democratic Convention, they argued, is a very long time. They pointed to a parallel in the situation in New York in 1954, when an attractive candidate with a tremendous following, Franklin Roosevelt, Jr., went out in front eight months in advance, only to be passed by Harriman at the state Democratic convention. It must be a Northern liberal, and one who can carry New York, they concluded to all who would listen—so if it isn't Stevenson it must be Harriman. The delegates nodded politely, drank up the liquor provided by the New York delegation and went their ways.

Kefauver, in contrast, came to Chicago with no organization and no clear strategy, but with a good deal of support. His decision lay before him—and when the Alsop brothers argued that Stevenson's indecision over the primaries was the noteworthy event of the Chicago meeting they were just 180 degrees off course. It was Kefauver, not Stevenson, who struggled with a hard choice. Men and women who were leaders in the Kefauver movement in 1952 pleaded with him throughout the Chicago meeting. They pointed out to him that Stevenson was unknown in 1952, and is the best-known Democrat today. In further contrast to 1952, they argued, Kefauver now holds the good will of the Democratic Party leaders who grant that almost alone, in the last two years, he kept the Republicans on the run. These leaders, Kefauver's friends told him, believe that a Stevenson-Kefauver ticket would be the strongest that the Democrats could put up next year, and are ready to work for it. Even Truman, they added, is willing to forget and to forgive. Kefauver's friends informed him that if he keeps out of the primaries, and does not formally announce his candidacy, then his claim to the Vice Presidential nomination will be substantial. They added that if he runs against Stevenson in the primaries, he will sacrifice these assets. He will force the expenditure of funds that party leaders want to conserve for November; he will create bitterness among the leaders and confusion among the rank-and-file. Finally, Kefauver's friends emphasized, if he succeeds in knocking out the party's leading spokesman in the primaries, he will still have no chance of gaining the nomination; he will simply open the way for his antagonist Lyndon Johnson to ride through with a dark horse nominated under conservative and Southern auspices.

Kefauver listened to these arguments and was outwardly unmoved. He saw himself as the candidate of the rank-and-file who owed them the opportunity to express their will. He held to his belief that in 1956, as in 1952, he could work political miracles by endless travel and tireless effort. He clung to his intention of entering key primaries, even in Minnesota where the slate of delegates pledged to Stevenson is headed by Sen. Hubert Humphrey, Governor Orville Freeman and Lt. Gov. Karl Rolvaag. His followers foresaw hard days ahead.

**Stevenson came** to Chicago with an established organization, a declared plan, and three times the support of the two other contenders combined. He made himself available throughout the three-day meeting, and to his suite his newly appointed manager Jim Finnegan brought delegates by the scores. Friendly areas reported enthusiasm for Stevenson, and doubtful areas, Massachusetts, Connecticut and others, joined in the parade. Strategy meetings were conducted with confidence and keen purpose by Finnegan, and in attendance Stevenson supporters were surprised to find Southern conservatives and close friends of Truman as well as the veterans of 1952. Harry Truman himself was the center of intense activity in Chicago, as Harriman and his supporters worked hard to bring out the former President publicly on their side. But Truman, who had come close to endorsing Harriman in early October, now indicated that Stevenson was his first choice.

So the three rivals moved among the Committee members at Chicago. If Stevenson was gaining, the rally at the amphitheatre on Saturday night was still the campaign's first real test. The occasion certainly was unfavorable to Kefauver and Harriman; they were speaking in Stevenson territory, and

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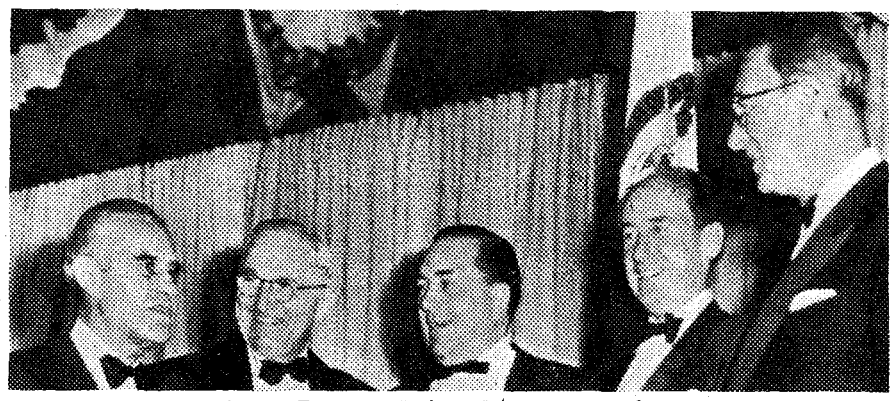
under the auspices of an avowed Stevenson supporter in Mayor Daley of Chicago. Stevenson was the star of the evening, the only one to be televised. Moreover, Stevenson was speaking openly as a candidate while the status of Harriman and Kefauver was in doubt. And yet at a similar banquet in 1952, the non-candidate Stevenson had stolen the show from Harriman and Kefauver with his satirical self-derogation. They hoped to reverse that occasion, and their hope did not seem forlorn. For if they were handicapped, Stevenson was also weighted down. He had no taste for a war of maneuver against other Democrats. His prior speeches had shown this; in varying degrees they had all fallen flat. He had endured further torments in preparing his speech that had to appeal both to the well-contented millions who would watch him over television, and to the 2,500 partisans who had come less for Democratic roast beef than for Republican blood.

To the sound of trumpets and drums, the speakers marched onto the dais at the amphitheatre; a tenor sang a souped up version of the national anthem; and the crowd began to eat. They were still digging wedges into over-frozen ice cream rolls when the first platitudes of the evening were voiced by Colonel Jacob Arvey. As the harried waitresses poured coffee, Mayor Daley continued with more from his own ample stock. Sen. Paul Douglas, very much in earnest, was the first to warm the audience; then came the pink-faced, smiling Truman. There was no rancor or bitterness in his words, but the words themselves were very sharp. "The Republicans are taking the country to hell," he said.

**Next, Kefauver's** opportunity came. He labored with an introduction that was intended to be witty and gracious in its reference to Stevenson. He then read an account of his observations overseas and his views on the farm crisis. He lacked the smoothness of Jimmy Byrnes, the punch of Harry Truman, the fire of Hubert Humphrey, the humor of Alben Barkley. The audience which felt sympathy for him learned quickly that here was no Bryan rising to an historic occasion and by the force of his rhetoric claiming the party as his own. Long before he had finished women were chatting across the tables, and men were glancing at their watches.



Harriman, Truman, Daley, Stevenson, Kefauver

So the opportunity passed to Averell Harriman. He had brought two speeches to Chicago: a Fair Deal message, drafted with the help of Sam Rosenman, and an informal greeting whose main objective seemed to be to ring in the names of every prominent Democrat from Harry Truman to Olin Johnston. Then he wrote off the occasion, and chose the second draft. It was in the style of the toastmaster of a Lions Club rather than a would-be President, and its incongruous effect was heightened by such homely phrases as "Mark my words!..." and "In the harvesting Farmer Benson will sure help some too!"

So opportunity passed on again to Stevenson. His task, as defined by his staff, was to hold the line at this rally. Instead, he moved effortlessly ahead. His phrases were undistinguished, and several of his points were obscure; his sparkle was missing; but his delivery was vigorous and authoritative.

From the outset, Stevenson made it clear that he had picked the television audience over the crowd in the amphitheatre. For his opening paragraphs expressed his regard for the Republicans and their President, and that was certainly not what the Democrats had travelled many miles and paid $100 to hear. Sitting beside Stevenson, Harry Truman listened in grim silence. The contrast between them was suddenly and alarmingly clear. "The Republicans are taking the country to hell," was Truman's theme. "Republicans want a safe and sane world every bit as much as Democrats," said Stevenson. "The country," Truman added, "is in an awful fix." "This is an age of abundance," was Stevenson's point. "The Republicans . . ." Truman continued, "have lost us nearly every friend we have in the world." "Let us remember," Stevenson declared, "that who plays politics with peace will lose at both." "The Democratic Party," Truman cried, "is the progressive, liberal party and when it tries to take any other position it'll get licked!" Kefauver, in deference to this assertion, skipped over a phrase in his text in praise of moderation. Stevenson followed his text, affirming "This . . . is a time for catching our breath . . . moderation is the spirit of the times." It was not until Stevenson reached the halfway mark in his speech that a wicked thrust at the Republicans brought a grin from Truman and an aside, "That's right!" It was not until the very end that a quotation from Truman, given without identification, brought the crowd into full accord with Stevenson.

**A fire-eater,** like Hubert Humphrey, might have left Stevenson in sad shape on that evening. As it was he looked brilliant by comparison with the previous speakers. The $100 diners were well satisfied. The country was given anew the image of a candidate in Eisenhower's mold of the man beyond politics. Stevenson had not presented a program that could defeat the Republicans. Eleven months remained for that. He did not want the American people to tire of him as they do of partisans. He was conserving himself with the instinct that Roosevelt possessed and with the same success. Stung by the impact of three unhappy days, Harriman called a press conference on the next morning to complain that, "There is no such word as moderate or middle-of-the-road in the Democratic vocabulary." "I don't know if Harriman will talk himself out of being Secretary of State," a contented Stevenson adviser replied, "but he just delivered a bloc of doubtful delegates to our side!"

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# What Happened at Geneva

## I. The Toughness of Molotov

**by Edmund Stevens**

GENEVA in November is most unlike Geneva in July. A chill north wind sweeps down the funnel-like length of Lake Leman and lashes the once placid, mirror-like waters of the Petit Lac into angry wavelets, and chases swirls of leaves along the lakefront.

The weather matched the mood of the Foreign Ministers Conference, as if politics like vegetation followed the seasonal cycle. In retrospect there is little reason for surprise. For at the Summit Conference on the one or two occasions when the foreign ministers, mainly Molotov and Dulles, were told to sit down and discuss concrete items, they invariably went into their familiar well-rehearsed deadlock. It was only the intervention of the heads of State which preserved the impression of harmony. But there was nothing in the vaguely worded directive to the foreign ministers which gave reason to hope the Geneva Spirit would not turn sour.

It is harder to explain the excessive toughness displayed by Molotov, his refusal to make even minor agreements on secondary issues, which would have softened the impact of discord on the fundamental questions of German unification and European security. Such items as disarmament and East-West contacts both offered many opportunities for this type of vague agreement. But Molotov was so unyielding that on the question of East-West contacts, for example, he even lagged behind current Soviet practice as regards the promotion of tourism, as well as cultural exchanges.

All this suggests that Molotov's instructions were to make no agreement of any kind. From the Kremlin standpoint, following the Summit Conference world events had taken such a favorable turn that the Soviet leaders may well have decided there was nothing to be gained from further negotiations at this time with the Western powers. They doubtless figured: why should they make concessions to the West on the issue of German unification and thereby be faced with a united Germany in NATO? If the Soviets simply stood their ground, there were signs that Western Germany would presently be willing to discuss German unity directly with the East German Government and with Moscow.

The visit of Chancellor Konrad Adenauer to Moscow and the agreement to establish diplomatic relations seem to have strengthened this impression. And though the Bonn Government officially still declines to have any political dealings with the Communist authorities in Pankow, the two Germanys are already beginning to grow together at the base. Day by day the areas of co-operation between East and West Germans are increasing. The most striking example of this is the recent agreement to send a combined German Winter Olympics Team to Cortina this year.

More and more loose ends are constantly being spliced together at various technical levels. The police forces of the two zones fully co-operate in all matters pertaining to crime, and a criminal from one zone apprehended in the other zone is promptly extradited.

Integration is well advanced as regards postal, telegraph and telephone communications, even railways. At this rate it is probably only a question of time before political contacts are established, in line with the policy advocated by the Social Democrats, the largest opposition party in Western Germany. This viewpoint also finds growing favor among the younger elements in Chancellor Adenauer's own coalition. Their feeling is that the official West German policy on the subject of unification, which also coincides with the views of the American State Department, has been rendered obsolete.

It is true, runs their argument, that the German people as a whole are strongly anti-Communist and that the East German regime is unpopular. But the basic urge for national unity tends to override all other political considerations. The fact that Western policy makers refuse to recognize this greatly aids the Kremlin.

Apart from Germany, since the Summit Conference the Soviet leaders have discovered the opportunity to fish in the troubled waters of the Middle East and, through the sale of arms to Egypt, have established an important bridgehead in this vital area. This is another reason for not wishing to embark on serious negotiations now.

In the months since the Summit Conference the Western defense system has developed cracks at several points where there was no direct Soviet intervention. Thus the French virtually completed their withdrawal from the NATO forces in Western Europe by transferring their divisions to North Africa. A complete windfall for the Soviets was the violent outburst of enmity between Greece and Turkey over the Cyprus issue which has led to Greece's virtual withdrawal from NATO.

Under these circumstances Molotov was given the rather thankless and dreary assignment of going through his familiar performance—of repeating much the same routine as at Berlin in the winter of 1954 and at other earlier meetings of the foreign ministers. But this time there was one major difference. In the past Molotov

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has enjoyed the full-throated support of the Soviet press and propaganda machine which poured out a constant stream of anti-Western propaganda. This time there was no such background accompaniment. From start to finish the Soviet press played down the Conference assigning to Geneva not even its second, but its third team. Coverage was for the most part confined to brief resumés of each day's proceedings, with comment held down to a minimum. The gloom voiced by Western observers was not reflected in Soviet dispatches.

On the contrary, two days before the Conference broke up, *Pravda* carried a first article by Boris Polevoy, one of the group of Soviet journalists who recently toured America, remarkable for its friendly tone and recurring references to growing friendship between the two great wartime allies. On the following day the entire front page of the same paper was devoted to the Moscow visit of the Norwegian Prime Minister. The recent conference never made the front page.

Not only did the Soviet press play down the recent Geneva parley for home consumption. When Molotov returned to Moscow for the November 7 weekend, *Pravda* went out of its way to renew its denunciation of his views on socialist development for which he had previously been criticized. In Soviet practice such timing is never accidental, and it should be recalled that the present *Pravda* editor, Shepilov, has often been mentioned as Molotov's probable successor.

Summed up, the latest Geneva Conference, far from enhancing Molotov's authority and prestige, has doubtless strengthened the impression among the Soviet public, accustomed to reading the nuances, that he is nearing the end of his career. While Molotov has foiled previous forecasts of impending retirement, this time the signs appear almost unmistakable. The forthcoming Twentieth Congress of the Communist Party, the first party congress since Stalin's death is likely to witness important pronouncements on policy and major shifts in personnel.

## II. The Response of Mr. Dulles

**by Michael Straight**

"THE Geneva spirit," Harold Macmillan of Britain told his fellow foreign ministers, "meant a determination to move out of the immobility which had characterized so much previous discussion into a field of flexible negotiation." By this standard certainly Molotov abandoned the Geneva spirit at the Foreign Ministers Conference. He conformed only to the minimum requirement of the Geneva Spirit, the compact to be agreeable, if not to agree.

But if, by the standard of "flexible negotiations," Molotov betrayed the spirit of Geneva, the Western governments were themselves not free from fault. Mr. Dulles, disheartened by the breakdown on Germany, showed no desire to accept the minor concessions offered by the Russians on cultural interchange. On disarmament he adopted the strange position that "flexible negotiations" was not part of the directive from the chiefs of state. "The foreign ministers," he declared, "were given what might be called a watching and supporting role." German unification, the item on the agenda least subject to agreement, was kept as the "acid test" of the Geneva spirit by the Western ministers. They called for free elections in Germany by next September. They offered an enforceable system of local arms limitation, and guarantees against German aggression. But these guarantees, as Mr. Molotov noted, become effective only "when a reunified Germany decides to enter NATO and the Western European Union." Therefore, they amounted to an almost irresistible inducement to a unified Germany to sign up with the West. In other words, from a Soviet regime that is strong the Western Ministers were demanding terms that only a very weak regime could be induced to accept. This was not "flexible negotiation" nor is there evidence to suppose that such negotiation is possible: for there is no concession that we can offer equal to the Soviet loss of its East German satellite.

In the opening days of the Foreign Ministers Conference Molotov tried to evade all discussion of German unification. The Western ministers rightly overrode him, holding to the directive from the chiefs of state. Under their continuing pressure Molotov returned to Moscow. He promised to bring back encouraging news, and at the Hotel du Rhone Secretary Dulles pleaded with the American correspondents to report good news, even where there was none. In Moscow the Soviet rulers evidently decided to put an end to the pretense of the Summit meeting, that Germany could gain its unity through the good offices of Britain, France and the United States.

So Molotov, on his return from Moscow, washed all wishful thinking away. "There are two German states," he told the Ministers—one "where big monopolies and Junkers have retained their rule;" the other "where the power came to the working masses, workers, peasants and intellectuals. . . . " He added:

> The formation of the German Democratic Republic was a turning point in Germany's history and in that of Europe as a whole. The working masses in Germany have for the first time found in the German Democratic Republic their real fatherland. . . .

At prior meetings, certainly, the Soviet leaders had made it perfectly clear that they had no present intention of releasing their hold upon their East Germany. But their position was stated in terms of timing rather than of principle. "The time is not ripe," was Bulganin's central thesis at the Summit meeting. Even in the harsher days that preceded the Summit, the Kremlin conceded the right of all Germans to live under one government of their own choosing. For example, at the Berlin Conference of January, 1954, Molotov reaffirmed the Soviet commitment to free elections throughout Germany. But

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on November 8 Molotov repudiated this cardinal principle of German unification. He declared:

> A mechanical merger of the two parts of Germany by means of so-called "free elections" could lead to the infringement of the interests of the working masses of the German Democratic Republic which one cannot agree with. . .

In Soviet minds, of course, "free elections" are not a legitimate and impartial means of choosing between systems, but an integral part of the web of illusion and deceit through which a decaying capitalist class perpetuates its rule. And yet, while Molotov argued in Geneva that the Soviet system of single list elections was superior, his rejection of free elections in Germany was based on other grounds. He foresaw that these free elections would lead to the dismantling of the East German Communist state and for this reason he forbade them, declaring:

> The proposals which have been submitted here . . . in effect lead to the re-establishment throughout Germany of the rule of big monopolies, Junkers and militarists, to the liquidation of democratic and social reforms and freedoms which were won by the working masses of the German Democratic Republic . . .

"Naturally," said Molotov, "there can be no consent to taking back from the working masses of the German Democratic Republic the plants and factories, land and natural resources. The German Democratic Republic," he added, "has a great future ahead of it because it is moving along the main road of progress. . . . It is," he continued, "impossible to accept" reunification "which might jeojardize that great future." He granted that the Soviet position had shifted from its endorsement in principle of free elections. He attributed the shift to West Germany's adherence to NATO, and added "How can anyone under these conditions speak of all-German elections?"

Next Molotov exposed a new, and apparently irreconcilable conflict between the Soviet and Western positions on the role that a unified Germany may play in Europe. The Western ministers had ruled out as unenforceable and dangerous a permanent demilitarization of Germany. They had affirmed that a basic right of a sovereign state was the right to choose sides. In Geneva they offered to the Russians a security pact against German aggression conditioned upon a unified Germany joining the anti-Soviet side. This was the weakest part of the allied plan and Molotov understandably scorned it. But he went on to set impossible terms for unification by demanding a return to the demilitarized and neutralized Germany of Potsdam days.

In its draft peace treaty of 1954, the Soviet Government sanctioned the right of a reunified Germany to maintain its own armed forces. But on November 8 Molotov rejected the Western plan as one "to remilitarize Germany." In prior conferences the Soviet Government granted some freedom of action to a unified Germany, short of membership in NATO. But on November 8, speaking of an armed and unified Germany, Molotov declared: "Such a Germany constitutes a danger . . . notwithstanding whether it becomes a member in the military groupings of the Western powers, or *becomes itself an organizer of military groupings in Europe.*" (Italics ours.)

In the Western capitals, experts are still debating the meaning of this phrase. Most of them believe that it serves to rule out the concept of *bundnisfreiheit,* of freedom from all alliances, which the Russians formerly sought and which the German Social Democrats still endorse. In place of a neutral Germany which many Germans might welcome, it foresees a neutralized Germany which all Germans and the allies must join in rejecting out of hand.

FROM all the discussions on Germany, Molotov salvaged one area of agreement—the British plan for a thinning out of foreign troops on German soil and the proposal to limit the armaments of the separate states of East and West Germany, which has been Moscow's half-hidden objective from the start.

When discussion broke down on Germany, the foreign ministers passed on to the second and third items on the Geneva agenda. And if agreement for agreement's sake had been their objective, as it was in the Summit meeting, then the conference might still have ended on a harmonious note. But both sides, for their own reasons, were not wholly committed to agreement at the second meeting. The impact of the Summit meeting was to lower tensions without attacking the sources of those tensions. The result in the West was to weaken the bonds of NATO and the efforts of its members to guard their common frontiers against Soviet arms. Somewhat the same reaction seems to have occurred among the captive peoples of the Soviet bloc, and the Soviet Government, like our own, does not want the popular illusion of peace to move beyond its control. For the same reasons perhaps Mr. Dulles balked at British and French efforts to set a date for a new conference of the foreign ministers, and Mr. Molotov failed to display the anxiety for a happy ending that the briefing experts of the West had foreseen. So the conference closed with a frown. "At best we are locked again in a stalemate," said Mr. Macmillan in his summary, "at most we have taken a step backward." He added:

> I am not so much concerned that we have failed to agree on all the questions which we were instructed to discuss. What worries me is that the Soviet Union does not seem to mind our failure.

Now the conference is over, and the first task is to determine whether in private sessions among diplomats, the Russians hold to the same positions they took on the Geneva stage. Have they ruled out German unification, or are they simply maneuvering to force the Bonn Government into political discussions with the East Ger-

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man regime? Do they intend to hold East Germany until all Germany is sucked into the Communist bloc or are they willing to withdraw from an uneasy and exposed position—if the withdrawal can be accomplished gradually and almost surreptitiously instead of promptly, and dramatically as in the case of free elections? The answers should be sought by the British, French, American and West German Ambassadors in Moscow and before the Kremlin succeeds in restricting all further discussions on Germany to itself and the Germans alone.

If diplomatic inquiry indicates that the Soviet position of November 8 is not final, then a new conference will be indicated. It will need only the justification of some new development such as Molotov's resignation as Foreign Minister of the USSR. In that event the Western Ministers will need to determine what constitutes "flexible negotiation" on Germany. Sovereignty and representative government are not negotiable items in reunification. Armaments and the presence of foreign troops on German soil may be. The West cannot withdraw its troops from Germany in exchange for a Soviet withdrawal to Poland. But the confidence of the West Germans in our leadership may demand a new proposal for the staged integration of all Europe, in which trade and transportation lead to political association and finally to the evacuation from all Europe, East and West, of foreign troops.

It seems more likely, however, that diplomatic inquiry will point to a new policy in the Kremlin—one of advancing in the Near East and in Asia, and holding on in Europe, until the passing of Adenauer and of the present economic boom lead to a new time of political opportunity. If this lies behind Molotov's new hardness at Geneva, then a renewed concern for its own inner strength is the only recourse for the West.

*N. Y. Herald Tribune*

"You had me worried, I was afraid you boys had gone soft."

In the years of the Cold War, fear of Soviet aggression was our great cementing force. At the Summit meeting, that cement lost its binding strength. No formal accord was reached to forbid nuclear war. But both sides recorded their respect for each other's deterrent power. The Soviet Government learned that the United States would not initiate nuclear warfare. It made it clear in return that, in its own self-interest, it would not seek to expand its influence by means that would force this nation, against its will, to fight. On this understanding the restraints of the Geneva Spirit are constructed. They stand unchanged today. With the aid of the Summit meeting the Soviet Government has broken out of the isolation imposed upon it by the paranoia and brutality of Stalin. It is challenging the West to a race for economic, social and political leadership in the underdeveloped areas and to this challenge we have failed to respond so far. On the day that the Foreign Ministers ended their Geneva meeting Bulganin and Khrushchev left Moscow for a flying tour of India, Burma and Afghanistan. On the same day John Hollister announced the Eisenhower Administration's intention of cutting overseas aid by another 20 percent. This means, to take one example, that India, which is asking for $1.5 billion to complete its five-year plan, will be cut back from $50 million to $40 million in US aid next year.

Mr. Dulles ends his appraisal of the Geneva meeting on a hopeful note. "Our hope for the future," he declares, "derives from our belief that the Soviet government will, sooner or later, come to see that the advantage to be had in better relations with the West is far greater than in the local and passing advantages which it could gain at the price of forfeiting this good relationship. . . ."

Mr. Dulles' optimism is welcome, but hardly reassuring. The trouble is that the gains which world Communism is scoring in the underdeveloped areas are more than "local and passing advantages" while the Kremlin's respect for the capacity of the US to maintain its inner vitality, its economic and political as well as its military strength, is far from secured.

The immediate task of US leadership is to secure the underpinnings of our own and the West's prosperity, and to take up again the neglected struggle against world poverty. It is to transform NATO from a negative and military reaction to Soviet hostility into a political partnership with moral responsibility to aid other peoples gain a decent life. This is the political impulse in foreign policy which the present Administration seems unable to provide, and the reason, unspoken as yet, why Adlai Stevenson should be impatient to move into the White House while time remains.

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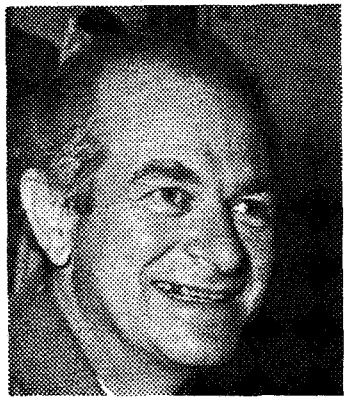
# Win a Prize—Get a Passport

**by Richard L. Strout**

WHEN a letter came from the State Department, February 14, 1952, saying that Professor Linus Carl Pauling could not have a passport, he could not believe it. But there it was, neat and official, signed "Sincerely yours, R. B. Shipley, Chief, Passport Division" and stating that the passport fee of $9 would be returned at a later date.

Professor Pauling required a passport to attend a symposium in his honor in London, arranged by the Royal Society to hear him describe his latest discoveries regarding the complex molecular combinations that make up the human body. The matter is fundamental to all biology and medicine involving proteins in particular, and molecules whose mysterious arrangements of their 10,000 atoms determine their properties. Discoveries by Pauling and his associates published in 1951 were considered so important that the Royal Society called its special meeting. Now the State Department forbade him to go.



Professor Pauling

"I couldn't believe it had really taken place!" observed Professor Pauling, a slight, gently resolute figure, who habitually wears a subdued smile.

There was some reason for his surprise. A native-born Oregonian, of native-born parents, 33 years a teacher at the California Institute of Technology, Pauling had received Navy and Army certificates for war work and the Presidential Medal for Merit, the highest award given to civilians. The certificate accompanying the medal recounted discoveries in an astonishingly wide field: one, "used wherever investigation of rocket power is under way"; another, an "oxygen deficiency indicator for subs and aircraft"; still another, "a substitute for human serum." Every field was highly classified.

Pauling was accustomed to going abroad several times a year to keep in touch with other top research men who were peering, like him, across scientific frontiers into the unknown. Generally on such trips he picked up an honorary degree or two. He isn't quite sure but thinks he now has 14 honorary degrees: "I am Doctor to the 14th power," he explains.

It was typical, perhaps, of a certain simplicity that Pauling first wrote directly to President Truman. The latter had given him his Medal for Merit which marked the proudest moment of his life. Now the same government did not trust him to go abroad.

Truman's Correspondence Secretary William Hassett wrote back a month later saying the matter was up to the State Department. So Pauling wrote the Department. By instinct he included the fact that he was then under attack by Russian scientists.

Pauling's name is associated with something called "the theory of resonance." A metaphysical storm was then sweeping the Russian scientific world with one group of chemists accusing their fellows of slavishly following Pauling—"an idealistic representative of the capitalist West." The war paralleled the earlier Lysenko struggle in genetics.

Great scientists are odd fish endlessly seeking out first causes. Pauling, not unlike Einstein, became involved with suspect groups all over the lot. He was a sponsor of several organizations listed by the Attorney General not only in the field of foreign policy but also in the realm of civil liberties. A reasonable society would obviously abolish all great scientists if only it could learn to get on without them. Pauling had strong opinions and was not particular before what audiences he spoke. On the other hand he was stirred that Russian scientists discussed the Theory of Resonance in terms of dialectical materialism. "I am a searcher after truth," he says. "I don't think I know what truth is. But if I talk and other people talk and work, then I think we get closer to discovering truth." This attitude might have appealed to Einstein—but Einstein never applied for a passport.

THE London meeting was set for April 24. Pauling wrote Mrs. Ruth Shipley again, only to be told that the government could not be responsible for "the engagements which you have made abroad." The phrase indicates that Mrs. Shipley had not, and perhaps could not, grasp the fact that instead of "making engagements" he had had a great foreign one thrust upon him. He was aghast at the effect of cancellation—partly on him, of course, but also he felt on the good name of the United States in scientific circles abroad. Without giving London an explanation he got the affair postponed to May 1 and

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hurried to Washington with his wife. There were two weeks to go.

Professor Pauling remembers without animus that he signed an affidavit saying that he was not a Communist. He cannot recall a time when he came to Washington in recent years without being asked to sign such a document. At a conference with Mrs. Shipley's superior, Director Boykin of the Office of Security and Consular Affairs (the post now held by Scott McLeod), the latter asked why he hadn't submitted evidence rebutting the charges against him?

"But no charges have been made," replied Pauling innocently. "How can I rebut them?"

Boykin suggested that they talk about what Pauling *might* submit. The scientist got together what evidence he could at short notice and waited. He could not believe the ban would hold. On April 28 there was still time to catch the transatlantic plane leaving New York at 6 p.m. He waited in the office of Dr. Detlev Bronk, President of the National Academy of Sciences. At 5 p.m. when Mrs. Shipley called, she had been sustained in her ban by Under-Secretary of State Humelsine.

The Paulings caught the plane back to Pasadena. He cabled London simply that he had not been issued a passport. He made no other comment.

On May 5, Sir Robert Robinson, President of the Royal Society, wrote one of those quiet letters to *The Times* which sometimes cause a stir round the world, deploring the fact that Pauling had been prevented by his government from coming. Then the fat was in the fire.

LOOKING back on it now Pauling sadly observes that he felt the incident "damaged" the United States. He does not like to dwell on it. But a sample of the feeling in scientific circles was a letter signed by all the full professors of the Institute of Nuclear Physics at the University of Chicago except one who was not a citizen. The list included Enrico Fermi, Edward Teller, Willard F. Libby (one of the Atomic Energy Commissioners at the time) and in fact the majority of those who were responsible for the development of the A-bomb and H-bomb. They spoke deprecatingly of Pauling's political views. But most scientists of America, they wrote, "felt they knew Linus Pauling" and those who knew him intimately had unquestioned faith in his "integrity and sincerity [and] . . . his essential loyalty to the United States." To withdraw his passport, they said, without a trial, without a hearing and without recourse to an appeal was shocking.

"What harm, what information, what tales could Professor Pauling take with him to England, even were he so inclined, that can compare in damage to the incredible advertisements that this country forbids one of its illustrious citizens to travel?"

This was Chapter One of the Pauling story. Oregon Sen. Wayne Morse made a couple of speeches in the Senate condemning the action, and Pauling received more foreign invitations than ever. Maybe some thought of him as a martyr, but more practically they wanted to hear at first hand how he and his group were pushing back the frontiers of human knowledge. In Paris he was chosen honorary president of a Symposium on the Biogenesis of Proteins of the International Congress in Biochemistry, and England invited him to address the Cambridge University Faraday Society. So in July, 1952, Pauling again applied for a passport. The passport was issued.

This experience was now repeated four times. Pauling applied for passport validation and got it. The passport generally came at the last moment—often on the very day when the plane was to leave, by which time a man of weaker nerve might have called the whole trip off. The validation usually came after Pauling had signed a new statement that he wasn't a Communist. (The Paris-Cambridge trip was made conditional upon his signing such an affidavit; not "another affidavit" but "an affidavit.") The passport validation was never for the usual two years' unrestricted travel, but for limited periods of one or two months and only to specific countries.

He went to Brussels in February, 1953, to attend the Solvag Congress in Chemistry; he visited German medical schools in May for the Unitarian Service Committee and also to give the principal address at an international conference of chemists at Stockholm.

On September 11, 1953, Pauling again wrote the State Department. He had accepted a more ambitious series of invitations, in Israel before the Weitzman Institute, in Athens for a week's lectures at the University, in India (at the invitation of the government) to address the Indian Science Congress Association and participate with Nehru in dedicating a new science laboratory, and on to Thailand and Japan. The invitations came to Pauling from governments which sought to learn from, and to honor, the great scientist. He wanted to get the trip settled early, out of consideration for his hosts. No final word had come by December 14, when he telephoned and telegraphed again (his 38th communication with the State Department according to his methodical scientific notation).

Time was once more urgent. He flew to New York where he was informed orally that validation was refused. He went to Washington and hired a lawyer.

It was now December 22, and he had hoped to be in Jerusalem by Christmas. He cabled Athens cancelling his proposed week of lectures, then as proceedings dragged on cancelled his lectures in Jerusalem. It hurt him to do this because he knew no substitute lecturer could be found at the last moment and because he hated to be the agent of anti-American sentiment instead of a goodwill ambassador. He remained doggedly mild. He signed non-Communist affidavits as fast as they were presented to him.

"I was doing my best to be polite," he told the Hennings Subcommittee on Constitutional Rights before

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whom he testified last week, "in fact—I *was* polite. I did anything that anybody in the State Department—Mrs. Shipley or anyone else—ever suggested to me that I do. I was not pugnacious. I was as co-operative as possible. I am, I think, gentle by nature."

What sources of information the Passport Division tapped can only be surmised. Some hint was given in later testimony of Scott McLeod, though this did not directly deal with Pauling. To a question from Senator Hennings, McLeod admitted that anonymous attacks are now received by his department and kept if they seem "to have some substance, or the information is well-phrased."

Hennings asked McLeod what would be done with such information? McLeod, who is a former FBI agent, explained that it would be put into a file and maintained there, unknown to the citizen whether the latter ever applies for a passport or not. Just how big this file of putative passport applicant "risks" is under the Shipley-McLeod regime nobody knows. Since there are 160 million or more Americans who may someday want to travel abroad, its possibilities are large.

On January 5, 1954, Pauling acknowledged defeat. He had had one indeterminate hearing in Washington, was called again December 31 and told no decision would be made before January 5, and at that point decided to drop the trip, so informing those governments to which he had not already cabled. He had never felt so miserable, he recalls, and his wife looked haggard. The State Department had blocked him by a process of cat-and-mouse delay without ever specifically formulating its charges or citing its informants.

But the government of India was persistent, so on June 7, 1954, Pauling sent back his passport once more with another request for validation. Mrs. Shipley took six weeks to reply. Then on July 19, in denying the application, she gave what he had waited a year and a half to get, a specific list of 24 written allegations against him. Number One, sensational under the circumstances, was that this famous professor, recipient of the Presidential Medal for Merit and internationally recognized, was "a concealed member of the Communist Party." This Pauling flatly denied. Some of the other allegations Pauling found true, some untrue. He filed a detailed affidavit in reply, going over each charge. Mrs. Shipley countered with her second refusal.

These were the opening gambits in the game that was familiar by this time, and subsequent moves stuck to the previous pattern. Mrs. Shipley pointed out that Pauling had the right to appeal. But now it was October again and he once more decided to give up. Mrs. Shipley addressed her last letter to him, declaring

> The Department has concluded on the basis of evidence at hand that your activities during the years following World War II have demonstrated a consistent and prolonged adherence to the Communist Party Line on a variety of issues, and through shifts and changes of that line . . .

This seemed conclusive. But there was to be one final chapter. A month and two days after Mrs. Shipley's concluding broadside Pauling received another letter announcing that he was winner of the 1954 Nobel Prize for chemistry. As the man who had made the greatest contribution to the world's knowledge in his chosen subject, he was told to come to Sweden on December 10 to receive the diploma, the gold medal, and the prize of $35,066 from the royal hand of Gustaf V of Sweden.

Pauling, mild and polite as always, did not lose his customary eager-calm attitude. Another man might have struck a pose. Pauling simply wrote the Department once more explaining that he had "never been a hidden Communist or any sort of a Communist" and took the occasion to revive the request for permission to visit Sweden, India and other way-stops around the world.

It was the State Department's great moment. Only 32 days before it had branded Pauling a "concealed Communist" who followed the twists and turnings of the party line. It could have stuck to its guns and let the world know that, for no mere bauble like the Nobel Prize, would it abandon its faith in the charges of anonymous informants.

But other advice prevailed. The letter this time came not from Mrs. Shipley but from Charles Saltzman, Under-Secretary of State, (after the customary two weeks' delay) granting the full request and forwarding a passport for a normal two years without restriction of place. There was no reference to earlier differences save a cryptic notation that Pauling had now denied being a Communist.

THE STORY has one post-script. The Nobel Prize Laureates picked Pauling to respond for them to the speech of welcome given by the students of Swedish universities who traditionally enter in great procession with banners in the final ceremony. Pauling told the youths:

> When an old and distinguished person speaks to you, listen to him carefully and with respect, but do not believe him. Never put trust in anything but your own intellect. . . . The younger generation finds out what was wrong among the things their elders said. So you must always be skeptical, always think for yourself.
>
> You will find some great problems to solve. The greatest of all these is the problem of peace and war. I believe that this problem has been solved by the Hydrogen Bomb—that there will never be a world war. The knowledge that a world war would mean worldwide destruction, perhaps the end of civilization, will surely now lead to permanent peace.

Those were Pauling's words to the students and the essence of what he has preached for 10 years—eloquence from the lips of the winner of a Nobel Prize but darkly suspect in the files of the Passport Division of the US State Department.

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# Spies & Starlings

## OR

## ALL IN A WEEKS WORK

**by Martha Gellhorn**

THE House of Commons loves to laugh. The Members' jokes are debaters' quips and have a special flavor, like all jokes made between intimates. *The Times'* reports of the Commons' proceedings are studded with parentheses, saying: Ministerial Laughter, Ministerial Cheers and Laughter, Laughter. Perched in the press gallery, the most usual community sound one hears, rising from the chamber, is a brisk bark or a merry bellow. Men laughing with or at each other are guaranteed sane chaps. In less fortunate countries, politicians on occasion throw benches and fight; they have been known to take pot shots at each other. In even less fortunate countries, politicians orate interminably in the very accents of pompous falsehood. In the House of Commons no politician talks for long without begging patience, and a very good excuse for "imposing on the time of the House." And he can expect to be rewarded or punished with mirth at any minute. The effect of this is a welcome and immediate sense of reality. Actual people are talking about actual things, in first-rate conversational English. No one is sacred and no one can swell to undue, unhuman size, for there is always the bark, the bellow, the roar, the giggle of laughter, and the Speaker's splendid Scotch voice booming over the gaiety, saying, "Orrrder, Orrrder, Orrrder."

Since the Commons returned from the summer recess, and began its autumn session on October 25th, there has been much laughter and one day which was outstanding because no one laughed at all. On the opening day, vast merriment attended an event which was so funny as to seem impossible: two Members had been elected from Ulster, Northern Ireland, but were unable to take their places in the House of Commons owing to the fact that they were in jail. They were in jail for helping in a hold-up of a British arms depot in order to get weapons for the Irish Republican Army. A second election was held; the two, in jail, were re-elected. This raised a fascinating dilemma: whereas you may not vote, in jail, you may, evidently, stand for Parliament. The winners were however still in jail, and the Courts decided that the two runners-up, in the second election, were the rightful members of Parliament. The runners-up were both Tories; Labour had a lovely time trying to argue them out of their seats. The two new members arrived at the bar of the House; one was a very small Irishman with reddish hair who looked terrified; the other was a more obviously cool and Parliamentary type. The argument went on, with bursts of audience laughter, largely between Mr. Sidney Silverman, a Labour member, and Mr. Speaker. Mr. Silverman, like many M.P.'s, cannot say *r*: the Speaker's *r's* are a treat. The *r's* had it.

On the second day of the Budget debate, the laughter was rather fierce, like tigers laughing over a nice fresh carcass. Mr. Gaitskell, the former Labor Chancellor of the Exchequer, rose to eat alive Mr. Butler, the incumbent of that office, and to tear to shreds his new and unexpected budget. The two men faced each other across the great table, where the Mace of Parliament lies, and gusts of Labour laughter blew Mr. Gaitskell on as he mocked his opponent's use of metaphor and accused him of having made an electioneering budget last summer, and of having to buy it back now. Mr. Butler was obliged, by the conventions of this place, to sit where he was and smile as best he could while the spiked points were driven against him. There were very harsh words too. "An addict to half truths," said Mr. Gaitskell of Mr. Butler. ("They aren't allowed to call each other liars, you see," said the press gallery attendant, a man in a dress suit wearing a large gold plaque on his shirt front.) "He began in folly, continued in deceit and ended in reaction," said Mr. Gaitskell of Mr. Butler. This went down quite well at the time with the more blood-thirsty Labour members, but created a certain unease; people suggested that Mr. Gaitskell had gone too far, this is not the usual tone of the House, there seemed to be personal venom in Mr. Gaitskell's remarks, almost hate; in the end, it may not prove a successful speech at all.

THREE days later, Mr. Butler answered this attack. There was even more laughter, and a better humored less personal tone; it was felt that in the duel-debate, Mr. Butler had therefore won. Mr. Butler pointed out that when Mr. Gaitskell was Chancellor of the Exchequer in 1951, dollar reserves poured away, and the only step Mr. Gaitskell took was to save $40 million in cheese imports. "This marvelous roaring lion is a miserable little mouse who could only gnaw at a bit of cheese," said Mr. Butler of Mr. Gaitskell, who sat and smiled sportingly while the House rocked with laughter at the joke. "Socialists, sir," said Mr. Butler, addressing the Speaker, "are connoisseurs of incompetence." In turn, Mr. Attlee and Mr. Gaitskell, sitting with their feet on the Ministerial table, joined in the mirth; as three days before; Sir Anthony Eden and Mr. Butler, slouched in the same privileged way, had laughed when they were discomfited.

At last came the long awaited day when Parliament was to discuss the case of Burgess and Maclean. The House adjourned itself, in order to become a sort of

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hearing-not-deciding body, and settled down in attentive seriousness, to learn the inside dope on this mystery. Many people had wondered about the possible results, but perhaps no one had foreseen that this day would turn into a triumph for the House of Commons, which reaffirmed itself, on the basis of a stale story of treason, the absolute upholder of civil liberties, and of the sanity and sanctity of law. It was a great day, although the tone was one of mourning, and speakers on both sides of the House repeatedly declared their sadness at having to deal with such a matter as the treason of Englishmen.

NOTHING new was said about Burgess and Maclean; either there are no revelations or the revelations are still considered dangerous by the Security Service. What was new to our ears these days, and thrilling to hear, was the steadiness and justice of those who spoke, the absence of panic or exaggeration, the quiet insistence on legal processes as opposed to trial by suspicion. McCarthyism so repelled the English that they take special care not to be infected by it.

Mr. Macmillan, the Foreign Secretary, opened the discussion and it was brilliantly his day; his grave dispassionate manner set the style for all that followed. And he made clear at once the questions of principle which concerned the House more deeply than Burgess and Maclean. "Action against employees, whether of the State or anybody else, arising from suspicion and not from proof, may begin with good motives, and it may avert serious inconveniences or disasters, but judging from what has happened in some other countries, such a practice soon degenerates into the satisfaction of personal vendettas or a general system of tyranny, all in the name of public safety. . . . It is not fair to bring in an atmosphere of today when judging events of the 1930's. . . . . How can the interests of security be maintained without damage to our traditional liberties? At what point do reasonable and necessary security measures become the repugnant attributes of the police state? . . . for it would indeed be a tragedy if we destroyed our freedom in the effort to preserve it." (Cheers, from both sides of the House.)

Uniformly, although less eloquently and unreservedly than the Conservatives, Labour speakers rejected any form of witch-hunting. But several days before this discussion, using the immunity of the House, a Labour M.P. had named a private individual, Mr. H. A. R. Philby, as being the man who warned Burgess and Maclean of impending arrest. By doing so, the Labour M.P., Lt. Col. Lipton, aroused profound and vocal distaste on both sides of the House; he became a sort of villain in the piece. His action was regarded as McCarthyism. The Foreign Secretary took great pains to remove from Mr. Philby any shadow of suspicion, and was approved for doing so. But Lt. Col. Lipton was unrepentant, and spoke again, again refusing to disclose sources, but casting suspicion, and this behavior outraged the House. A Conservative back bencher, speaking after Lt. Col. Lipton, said, "We must have constant and difficult decisions to make as to how far any action is justified on suspicion. After listening to the honorable and gallant Member (Lt. Col. Lipton), one is at least quite clear where he stands on that. He is in favor of acting on suspicion, of smearing on suspicion, by directing public suspicion on to an individual against whom nothing at all has been proved. We must leave it to his own conscience to straighten out what may cost in personal suffering to the wife, children and friends of the person involved."

This one instance was the only whiff of McCarthyism in the whole handling of the Burgess and Maclean debate; three days after the debate, Lt. Col. Lipton printed a retraction and apology to Mr. Philby in the newspapers; and there lies, quickly mouldering, the shape of an injustice which Americans know too well.

The Prime Minister in closing the debate, repeated the key-note of the entire discussion. "British justice over the centuries has been based on the principle that a man is to be presumed innocent until he can be proved guilty. Are we going to abandon that principle? Perhaps, worst of all, are we going to make an exception for political offenses?" There was no laughter that day.

Within a day, the House was back to normal at Question Time, that excellent first hour when Cabinet Ministers must answer large and small inquiries about their duties. An honorable gentleman (Conservative) wanted to know what the Minister of Works was doing about the starlings in Trafalgar Square, those loud delightful birds which deposit filth on the Nelson Column and the passers-by equally; was the Minister doing anything to scare the birds away? The Minister said no humane and effective way could be found, although research was continuing. They had under construction a device called an ultra-sonic vibrator. (Laughter on both sides of the House.) Another honorable gentleman said that Birmingham had a device for scaring starlings which would scare any M.P. but left the starlings unaffected. (More laughter.)

The English are very proud of their Parliament, and week in, week out, century after century, they have pretty good cause to be.

House of Commons

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# The Superficial Aspect

## Needed: a GOP Egghead

**The importance** to the eggheads of Adlai Stevenson's formal announcement of his candidacy is not the certainty that he will win, for there is no such certainty; it is, rather, the certainty that the opposition can't whip him without doing something intelligent. It is the firm faith of the eggheads that if intelligence is forced into the campaign the public will get something out of it, no matter who wins the election.

The grave danger of 1956 was the danger that the election would be decided on some such issue as "Tippecanoe and Tyler too." That danger is still present, but it is appreciably reduced with Stevenson in the race. Even in 1952, when 10 million sentimentalists who had never voted before and probably never will vote again, rushed to the polls to vote, not for a man, but for Five Stars on a shoulder-strap, Stevenson injected into the campaign so much discussion of genuine issues that he held the entire Democratic vote. It must not be forgotten that the 27 million ballots cast for Stevenson were more than had ever before been cast for any man, Democrat or Republican, except Franklin D. Roosevelt; and even he topped Stevenson's vote only once out of his four campaigns.

Against anything less than the Five Stars the Democratic campaign of 1952 would have been successful. As it was, the Republican Party barely scraped through, for few of the 10 million sentimentalists bothered to vote for its Congressional candidates, and as soon as the Five Stars disappeared the party lost Congress. Against Nixon, Dixon and Yates, the campaign of 1952 would have been a massacre; so Republican hopes rest either upon the defeat of Stevenson in the Democratic convention, or the discovery of a better candidate than any now in sight.

There is, indeed, an Aztec element in the party aspiring to introduce the rite of human sacrifice into American politics by persuading a man known to have a coronary occlusion to run for President. But this grisly project is likely to run into an insurmountable obstacle in the honor of a soldier. In 1944 as he was preparing to land on the Normandy beaches, Dwight D. Eisenhower would have considered it disgraceful to intrust command of an army corps to a General with a bad heart; it is hard to believe that the same man in 1956 will countenance turning over the country to a commander who can't pass the army physical tests.

So if the Democrats nominate Stevenson, as they seem likely to do, the Republicans will have to meet him with a candidate who has something like the Egghead's tremendous vote-getting power, or let the election go by default. This automatically rules out the more stupid aspirants. It is useless to put up a Harding in this kind of race. But if the Republicans are compelled to name an intelligent man, then no matter what the outcome the prospect for the country will not be utterly hopeless.

Even if the party sophists should succeed in blinding Eisenhower's eyes to the duty of a soldier, there will remain the problem of selecting the other half of the ticket which in that case would mean the other half of the Presidency. The country still shudders at the narrowness of its escape from Nixon. If the American voters are to be asked to accept Eisenhower as a half-time President, the other half must be selected with great care, for one reason because the other half must do most of the battling against the Democratic candidate. If that candidate is Stevenson, then no .22-calibre candidate can be considered as the secondary President.

It is a pretty problem that the Republican Elder Statesmen are facing, and it is small wonder that they are doing all they can to delay Eisenhower's withdrawal until they have reached some kind of solution. They know that intelligence alone will give them even a fighting chance; and they know that to introduce intelligence into the party councils may disrupt the organization as disastrously as that dynamite bomb disrupted the airplane near Denver.

**They dared not** take the risk in the Eighty-third Congress, when the party should have been establishing the record on which to run in 1956. Instead, they let the McCarthyites disgust the country so completely that the party lost Congress, and with it lost the opportunity to make a record. Perhaps that error would not have been fatal if destiny had not intervened to deprive them of their one great asset, Eisenhower. But destiny did intervene.

So now they have no choice. The alternatives are to do something intelligent or to throw in the towel. It is a bitter choice for men long accustomed to relying on luck and muddling through, but as of the moment there is no apparent way out. Of course Stevenson might be run over by a truck, or break his neck diving after a tennis ball, but you can't figure on such long chances in politics. Certainly the public will not. The public is cheerfully sure that now the Republicans will have to show some sense, like it or not.

GERALD W. JOHNSON

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# BOOKS & COMMENT

## *Bernard De Voto: American Patriot*

*by Arthur Schlesinger Jr.*

THE public figure of Bernard De Voto was of an irascible and truculent figure, given to robust and passionate utterance on a wide variety of subjects. He was never, in fact, so irascible and truculent as all that. In private relations, he was a man of exceptional kindness, sensitivity and generosity. But he was certainly robust and passionate. And the quality of his passion deserves particular honor in an age like our own. The impulse which Bernard De Voto embodied may be hard to identify in the current confusion of values. But it was something, I believe, very simple and very traditional. It was a profound American patriotism.

Bernard De Voto was, above all, a man who loved his country—who loved it deeply, with knowledge and with compassion, sometimes with exasperation and an appearance of despair but always with a basic faith. He hated ever to leave it. He never set foot outside the North American continent, and it was only with great reluctance that he would venture across the Canadian border. "Love," Whitehead somewhere says, "is very penetrating; but it penetrates, not to facts, but to possibilities." Bernard De Voto's love for his native land included both facts and possibilities. He sought out facts, cherished them, armed himself with them, used them to club others over the head, felt uneasy away from them. But he penetrated always to what lay beyond—the hope, the dream, the fertile valley over the next hill.

His so-called irascibility was not old-curmudgeonism. It was rather the outrage of a man who could not bear to see his nation falling below its own highest standards. One of the last incidents of his life made the point. When he condemned the transformation of the beautiful state of Maine into a jerry-built, neon-lighted vacationland, he did so, not because he hated Maine, but because he loved it. (One state official responded by cancelling the state's advertising in *Harpers*, where De Voto's article appeared; but Governor Muskie understood De Voto's passion and reversed the action of his subordinate.)

This love for country meant an inexhaustible delight in its physical aspects, from the deserts and canyons of his native Utah to the green hills of his beloved Vermont. But De Voto was no sentimental nature writer. He cared, not only about deserts, but what caused them; not only about forests, but what threatened them; not only about rivers, but what could be done to purify them, control them and enlist them in strengthening the land and the people. He was dedicated to the struggle for the preservation and development of the country's natural resources.

Present-day liberals are mostly urban types who tend to accord the conservationist fight respect rather than understanding. The fight itself, in consequence, has largely been waged by professional conservationists and their organizations. Theodore Roosevelt and Gifford Pinchot broke through the apathy and made conservation what it ought to be—a national issue, and one of gigantic importance for the future of the country; so too did Franklin D. Roosevelt. Bernard De Voto did their job for the present generation. His series of trenchant articles in *Harpers*—many of which are collected in the recently published volume *The Easy Chair* (Houghton, Mifflin; $4)—have made Americans understand once again what is involved in the never-ending battle to save the nation's resources from negligence and waste and greed.

His love of country had, of course, its historical dimension. I had the good fortune to take a trip west with Bernard De Voto in the summer of 1940 while he was preparing to write *The Year of Decision*. For a young student of American history, this was an exciting experience. De Voto, with his detailed knowledge and his vast sympathy, gave the westward movement an immediacy and vividness which have not dimmed from recollection. (Nor have other memories of that eerie summer—the huddling over the car radio along the Santa Fe trail to hear the latest bulletins from Europe—dimmed either. Though Bernard De Voto's life was absorbed by America, he was no isolationist. From the start he understood America's stake in the European war.) *The Year of Decision* was followed by *Across the Wide Missouri* and by *The Course of Empire*. Together they constitute a magnificent trilogy of the westering impulse, continental in scope, epic in proportions, wonderful in their feeling for the facts and spirit of the American past.

But Bernard De Voto's passion above all was for the moral dimension of America. He was a fanatic for the tradition of individual freedom. "When an American says that he loves his country," wrote De Voto's friend Adlai Stevenson, "he means not only that he loves the New England hills, the prairies glistening in the sun, the wide and rising plains, the great mountains, and the sea. He means that he loves an inner air, an inner light in which freedom lives and in which a man can draw the breath of self-respect." Because Bernard De Voto loved freedom, he hated the smellers and the snoopers, the witch-hunters and the book-burners, the censors and the investigators.

WITHIN twelve hours of Bernard De Voto's death there died another American patriot, a Harvard classmate of De Voto's, Robert E. Sherwood. It was a bad enough twelve hours for American letters. It was a calamitous twelve hours for American courage. At a time when too many other intellectuals scurried for cover, De Voto and Sherwood stood in the open and challenged the enemy to come out of ambush, secure in the knowledge that they were speaking for the real American tradition against their phoney invocations of a fake Americanism. De Voto saw no point in equivocation. "The place to stop the erosion of freedom," he wrote, "is right here."

Bernard De Voto had other qualities—he was a superb teacher, a cogent literary critic, the author of an excellent novel *We accept With Pleasure*, an irreplaceable friend. But above all one will remember in him the sense of old-fashioned Americanism—the pride, the decency, the bravery, the rage for justice, the rage for liberty.

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# *Kazin and the Religion of Art*

## *by Leo Marx*

UNTIL now Alfred Kazin's reputation has rested largely upon his first book, *On Native Grounds.* The book was so impressive that Kazin, who was twenty-seven when it appeared in 1942, won immediate recognition as a major critic. Today it is still impressive. *On Native Grounds* is a lively interpretation of American prose (mostly fiction, but also criticism, history and biography) from Howells to Faulkner. He called it an "interpretation" because the conventional labels were not suitable. Indeed, the book's distinction arose from Kazin's refusal to honor the sterile separation of history and criticism. With uncommon poise and fluency, he took an independent position on the battleground between the established literary parties.

*The Inmost Leaf,* by Alfred Kazin (Harcourt, Brace; $4.75).

The position was lonely but not deserted. The year before, F. O. Matthieson had published *American Renaissance,* a study of an earlier period in many ways comparable to *On Native Grounds.* Matthieson was a Harvard professor, Kazin a bright young man from Brooklyn. But they had many ideas in common. Both admired the work of Edmund Wilson. (Kazin later would join Wilson in reviewing for *The New Yorker.*) Both felt the need to mediate between the New Criticism, with its salutary emphasis on the "close reading" of literature, and the democratic-socialist tradition of Brooks and Parrington, with its strong historical emphasis. Neither, in other words, would commit himself to an esthetic or a political dogma. Insistent upon the intrinsic value of art, they nevertheless refused to regard it as of more worth than life. This effort to sustain a balance gave their work a tougher intellectual core than the doctrinal tracts of either party. The effort doubtless was painful, but we may profit from their pains: no two books make more sense of American literature.

Now, after thirteen years, here is Kazin's second book of criticism. *The Inmost Leaf* is a collection of short pieces, many of them from *The New Yorker* and all published before. Again, it is misleading to label this book. It is no mere hodge-podge miscellany. In fact it has greater thematic coherence than most unitary works. Not that I think Kazin has been calculating the effect all this time. Rather, the book seems to have grown from a deep inward need. The title is from Melville, who compared his own development to the unfolding of a flower from outer to inmost leaf.

The unity of *The Inmost Leaf* is especially striking in view of the fact that it is about thirty-odd writers widely separated in time and space. Kazin ranges from William Blake, who was born in 1757, to Simone Weil, who was born in 1915. He writes about Dostoevski, Thoreau, Kafka, Joyce and Proust —to indicate all the nationalities represented. Yet somehow these people all come to seem astonishingly alike. They are more alike, in fact, than the members of any single literary generation that appears in *On Native Grounds.* This is not to say that Kazin fails to tell us what is special about each writer. His forte is the precise elucidation of his reading. With the stab of a perfect phrase he often recovers for us the way we felt on first reading a particular writer. On the other hand, Kazin's reasons for selecting his subjects, his literary values, his very method all result in molding these writers to a pattern.

To begin with, his criticism is subjective. "Impressionistic" might be the word, but for the slap-dash arbitrariness it can suggest. Kazin is a rigorous and conscientious critic. He is not much interested in "placing" one writer in relation to others. Nor does he go in for formal analysis. (Though he proves, in his brilliant essay on Blake, that he too can dismantle a poem.) His criticism is essentially utilitarian. He saturates himself in a writer's work, distills the ideas and emotions it evokes, describes them to us concisely, and then asks, "What have I gained?" His chief test is the power of art to change the world—that is, to change the way the world strikes Alfred Kazin. Of course this sort of criticism is only useful to those who share important attitudes with the critics.

If it sounds simple, by the way, just try it. Kazin writes criticism that is art. The experience he conveys, his reading, is much more complicated than the experience conveyed in the ordinary well-tailored novel. And it has more to do with our lives. That is one reason we sometimes read critics rather than writers nowadays — if the distinction means much. What is most appealing about Kazin is his passionate devotion to the relevance of literature. Relevance? Relevance to what?

THE ANSWER, surely, is not what it would have been in 1942. Granted that the two books are different in purpose, the change in Kazin is unmistakable. He wrote *On Native Grounds* to show, among other things, that modern American literature came out of a crucial period and was "molded in its struggles." It seems unlikely that he would say so today. He is no longer much interested in the relations between writing and social struggle. *The Inmost Leaf* is about the painful but necessary inwardness of the great artist. All of Kazin's current heroes are alienated people. A writer's excellence reflects his capacity to reach the inmost self, and that means avoiding the corrupting influences of society. It is increasingly clear that Kazin, like Matthiesen once more, resisted the claims of Marxism and esthetics in the thirties partly because of a deep religious bent. To understand his development one should read his autobiographical meditation, *A Walker in the City* (1951). There he tells how, in a very real sense, he was saved by literature. What literature is relevant to, then, is individual salvation, nothing less nothing more.

If Kazin were to reduce this vision of art to an argument (the idea would repel him), it would go something like this. All great works bear the mark of a unique man. In the presence of forces aiming to stifle uniqueness, the artist's best defense is withdrawal. Accordingly, the dominant theme of modern literature is the exploration and affirmation of the self. Given our incapacity for faith, our "mob age" (bitter and revealing phrase), the artist inevitably suffers hideous loneliness. To survive he cherishes his anguish. If this is existentialism, Kazin's writing is free of all modish allusions to that cult. He seems to have arrived at this position his own way. Sometimes, in the severity of his moral judgments, the skepticism with which he regards all motives, the un-

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failing gravity of his tone, he sounds most like a bearded Hebrew prophet. Against all social science, all humanitarian pathos, all determinism he insists on the individual's absolute responsibility. The final meaning of modern literature is that each must save himself.

Kazin has come a long way since 1942. The balance that distinguished *On Native Grounds* has given way to something close to a religion of art. In 1942 Kazin thought that society often hurt independent men; but then he also seemed to allow that it fulfilled indispensable human needs. In *The Inmost Leaf*, however, society is almost wholly evil, the great writer unfailingly heroic. One has only to compare Kazin's treatment of Faulkner in the two books to observe the change. Throughout *The Inmost Leaf* one senses the presence of the familiar Orwellian spectre of a world devoid of discrete human beings. One cannot escape the sense that his ideas have been formed in fright.

At the center of his thought is the doctrine that all value, all meaning stems from the inviolate suffering self. It is one thing to celebrate individual identity as a counterpoise to conformity; it is another to make it the pivot of all one's ideas. For it omits so much of life, hence of art. It omits all that the race creates in its anonymous, collective existence. All but a very few lives, by this token, are meaningless. The joys and satisfactions of shared experience mean nothing. And it is difficult to know what Kazin now would say of the world's great artists who have gloried, not in their own sick, lonely souls, but in men's capacity for delight in one another. What about Homer or Chaucer or Shakespeare? They do not reveal the inmost leaves. For that matter, what about Kazin's hero, Melville, who suffered at the hands of the community, to be sure, but like many of the other great moderns, continued to affirm that man without community is nothing?

The superb intelligence we meet in *The Inmost Leaf* is, in the most rewarding sense, disquieting. Through it we can feel the pressure of devotion and despair. Only passionate devotion to art, along with despair of society, could provoke so intense a piety of individual consciousness. It may be true that American optimism has waned since Hiroshima, but few Americans know anything like Kazin's bleak outlook. If he seems to cherish the idea of neurotic withdrawal, it is because for him the alternative is not a fancied healthy community but annihilation—annihilation, if not of the race in a physical sense, then of the few original minds it might churn up—which amounts to the same thing. *The Inmost Leaf* will dismay those who believe that our best hope is to keep alive the Apollonian image of man. No such vision is possible in Kazin's world of art. It is too grim and exclusive and dark.

# *The Control of Atomic Power*

## *by Warren Unna*

A FORMER special assistant to Atomic Energy Commission Chairman Lewis L. Strauss here pleads for the conversion of the AEC into an Administration department. He also urges that the five commissioners be consolidated into one Secretary for Atomic Energy with a seat in the Cabinet.

*Atomic Energy, A Constructive Proposal*, by David Shea Teeple (Little-Brown—Duell, Sloan & Pearce; $3).

Teeple finds:

> It is impossible for any commissioner or the chairman to represent the entire commission since each has equal authority and one vote. It is impossible for the people to know what the commission recommends without analyzing the various opinions of *all* commissioners. The evil that exists under the present commission organization . . . is the sharpshooting and hatcheting of the official position of the commission after a decision has been made on any particular subject.

The advantages of a Department of Atomic Energy, according to Teeple, would not only include the elimination of such dissension, but also political responsibility.

The commission-*vs.*-single-administrator dilemma was thoroughly explored in *The Control of Atomic Energy*, a book which James R. Newman, one time counsel for the Senate Committee on Atomic Energy, and Byron S. Miller wrote in 1948.

In a style considerably less peremptory than Teeple's, they point out that the Atomic Energy Act of 1946 created a commission rather than a single administrator because Congress felt the nation's multi-billion-dollar atomic investment and the embryonic and experimental nature of the AEC's activities "were too intricate and too fateful to be left to one man's decision." Newman and Miller went on to say there were mitigating provisions in the Act to give the five-man commission cohesion. One requires a policy directive from the President, to be issued at least once a year. Another recognizes that the AEC general manager will have prime responsibility for operations, leaving the commission free for policy.

Author Teeple's role in the atomic energy program should be considered in weighing his insistence on a Department of Atomic Energy with an all-authoritative Secretary.

A former Washington, D. C., junior high school history teacher, Teeple spent the war years with Army Intelligence surveying Manhattan Project personnel. He worked for Sen. Bourke B. Hickenlooper (R-Ia.) This was when Hickenlooper, as a member of the Joint Congressional Committee on Atomic Energy, was accusing the then AEC Chairman, David E. Lilienthal, of "incredible mismanagement" for blocking FBI checks of AEC fellowship candidates with Communist "leanings." In a libel suit against the *Chicago Tribune* brought by Dr. Martin D. Kamen, a Washington University chemistry professor, the *Tribune's* own Washington correspondent testified. He declared Teeple was in possession of a photograph which had been taken under his supervision while in Army Intelligence and which, presumably, was still Army property. The photograph also turned up in Hickenlooper's office. Shortly before this came out in court, AEC Chairman Strauss announced Teeple had resigned as his $14,800-a-year special assistant. The AEC refused to say what Teeple's duties had been. However, just after Teeple went to work for Strauss, in October, 1953, the AEC began bringing the file of Dr. J. Robert Oppenheimer up to date. Two months later, on

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December 23, 1953, the now famous letter was dispatched to Oppenheimer informing the atomic scientist his "Q" clearance had been suspended and he could no longer participate in Government nuclear work.

Teeple is no longer with the AEC. But the commission-*vs*.-single-administrator controversy is by no means dead.

When the Atomic Energy Act came up for revision last year, Strauss, who is also the President's special atomic energy adviser, tried to have himself designated as the "principal officer" of the commission. Comptroller General Joseph Campbell, then a commissioner, suggested a one-man commission might be the best answer. The 1954 Act ended up with a compromise. Strauss, as chairman, became "official spokesman."

It soon turned out that the one remaining Democratic appointee on the commission, Thomas E. Murray, was not being given a fill-in on commission business. Just before Congress adjourned this year, the Democrats on the Joint Committee put through the "Murray Amendment" spelling out that each commissioner is entitled to all information concerning AEC business. The Democrats were able to get this through without a murmur. They shrewdly tacked it onto legislation requested by the White House to provide pay for any nominee appointed to the vacant commissionership during Congress' recess.

Despite this history, Teeple flatly declares in his book: "The argument that the creation of a Department for Atomic Energy would establish an 'atomic dictator' is without substance."

It is possible that the 165 pages of such statements as this could have been nicely condensed into magazine article dimensions. Then the reader might have had the benefit of Teeple's thinking for something less than $3.

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# RADIO

THE BIG audiences and the big money have deserted radio for television, and one of the happy consequences is that nobody much cares what goes over the air anymore. The announcers and disc jockeys are allowed a large amount of freedom in what they say and play. The agency man no longer sits in the control room making sure that not a word is changed in the commercial the sponsor okayed. The local station's boss is probably not listening either; he is busy watching television, with an idea to moving into it himself. This leaves the man in front of the microphone largely on his own, and these bored announcers have begun to send some pretty original things through the transmitter.

The artistic tradition in which most of these men work stretches back to the Henry Morgan of yesteryear, the Henry Morgan who asked whether Old Man Adler was going to lengthen your pants for you when you bought a pair of his elevator shoes. It is a tradition which began with knocking the sponsor, but has rapidly progressed to an all-inclusive kidding of the conventions of radio itself.

You can get a real idea of the scope of this movement if you drive from coast to coast, as I did last summer, with your radio on all the way. Every town, big or small, has its disc jockey or announcer who amuses himself; the man in San Francisco, for example, who dresses up his afternoon record show with features like "Footprints on the Sands of Time." The transcribed organ music rises to a crescendo, fades away, and he says, in a homey voice, "Now chew on this one for awhile. Do you suppose the spider realizes the fly carries all those disease germs?" Another crescendo and diminuendo, and another pithy thought.

In Salt Lake City, the late afternoon parade of serious news programs is interrupted at five-fifteen by a mysterious clanking, followed by a voice filtered through an echo chamber, which says, "THESE—are the news?" There follows, in good Ed Murrow style, fifteen minutes of the kind of human interest story which concludes the typical wire service news summary: the man who found a live pickerel flopping around in his back yard, although the nearest water was a mile away; Alonzo, the Brockton, Massachusetts, dog who collapsed on the streets of that city only to be later exposed by the police as a barroom beggar who had failed his drunkometer test; and so on. All this is reported as seriously as though the voice were relaying the latest intelligence on the current French cabinet crisis.

An early evening disc jockey in New Orleans has an ordinary enough program: popular hit records and gossip about acts playing the local night clubs But every so often he tells a joke, also of an ordinary kind. This is invariably followed by from fifteen to thirty seconds of "canned" laughter, the hysterical kind ordinarily reserved for the very biggest boffolas. There is no pretense that he has an audience in the studio; he is not trying to create the illusion of a live show. He never refers to this collection of bellylaughs, just waits for it to die down before carrying on with the show.

**One of the greatest** manipulators of this genre was Gene Shepherd, who used to broadcast most of the night from Cincinnati. The records he played were well out of the ordinary, running mostly to dance music of the twenties, complete with banjo and romantic tenor, and Greek and Turkish folk songs (reminiscent of one of the musical gems of Henry Morgan's old show: the man who played the tuba and sang alternate lines of the song in Greek). But the real beauty of the program lay in the serious ten or fifteen minute discussions of such topics as the internal politics of a Boy Scout troop. One of his favorite themes for these philosophical monologues was the fate of the great mass of "unknowns" in modern society. "Look at those people whose names appear in Dorothy Kilgallen's column every day," he would say. "What have they done to deserve fame? Nothing! I have a plan. Let us, the great mass of nobodies, arise. Let us unite and choose one from among us. Then we'll all write to Dorothy Kilgallen every day and ask her, 'What about Arnold Jones? What's he up to these days?' She'll have to find out, and put it in her column. Soon, Arnold will be up there with the other celebrities. And once one of us makes it up there, he can drag the rest of us up with him."

Another of the young masters of the

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form is Henry Jacobs, who appears on a Berkeley, California FM station with a program of "Music and Folklore." His *chef-d'oeuvre* to date is a series of concocted interviews with musical authorities of one kind and another (all the authorities being played by a friend with a remarkable gift for dialects). In one interview a "Dr. Sholem Stein" was seriously introduced, who insisted at length, although not too lucidly, that he had discovered the origins of West Indian Calypso in Hebrew liturgical music. It is a tribute to Jacob's skill that he was flooded with mail sympathizing with him for having been taken in by such a fraud. (Jacobs, by the way, is the only one to have his work publicly available on records. The Stein interview and one with "Shorty Petterstein," Jacobs' version of an inarticulate jazz musician, have just been released on the Fantasy label.)

**The point** of all these jokes, if they are jokes, is that one should never be taken seriously. In one sense, Bob and Ray, among the earliest workers in this idiom, fall down on this score. Their weekend appearances on *Monitor*, NBC's gallant effort to revive radio, are carefully introduced as humor. But they manage to beat this maneuver and outwit their superiors by making a joke of the joke. One of their best bits has "Charles," a syrupy, Franklin McCormick type, reading sentimental verse to an organ accompaniment. After three or four lines Charles' sense of humor gets the best of him, and he begins to laugh uncontrollably while the announcer hurriedly signs the show off the air. Bob and Ray have done this one, with almost no variation, ever since Monitor began. The first time, it's funny; the second time, cute; the third time, dull. When a month and a half of Charles has gone by, the thought finally occurs to you that perhaps the real point lies in the unvarying repetition of a commonplace joke ad nauseam.

The basis of all this humor lies in the question which the performers (and those of their listeners who are in the know) are implicitly asking: How will the average jerk react to hearing something patently ridiculous presented in utter seriousness, over a radio he expects (though he has never consciously thought about it) to present serious things seriously while heralding funny things with sufficient warning that he can laugh when he ought to? It is in the contemplation of this situation that the fun lies. Thus the most successful effort is one which takes in a great many listeners, as did Jacobs' Sholem Stein interview, and is truly enjoyed only by a small elite of the really "hip." The picture of someone tuning in during the middle of the show, listening with half an ear, finally realizing that something odd is going on, scratching his head and angrily asking, "What the hell is this, anyway?", warms the heart of the practitioner of this new form of Dada art.

For in many important respects that is exactly the kind of art these men are creating. They haven't, at least as yet, written any manifestos. I don't suppose that many of them are as philosophical and serious about what they are doing as the Dadaists were. But they utilize the same devices of putting something nonsensical into a framework their audience takes seriously. Just as the Dadaist invited the viewer to consider the fur-lined tea-cup as equivalent to a classic work of art, so the announcer in Salt Lake City invites his listeners to view the man with the pickerel in his back yard as important as the political leaders of the day, and dares them to laugh at the suggestion.

One can develop a taste for this kind of thing, as I have of late. When this happens the radio begins to offer new and unexpected treasures. You suspect (although you have no way of knowing) that more people are working in this new art form than you had thought possible. Almost any program can be seen as a possible attempt to create a little Dada epic, and you begin to listen to everything in this spirit. Dave Garroway, who had shown great potential for this kind of thing during his early days in Chicago but later went straight, analyzed this effect succinctly a few weeks ago on the *Monitor* show when he said: "You know, after you listen to Bob and Ray for awhile, everyone sounds like Bob and Ray."

HOWARD S. BECKER

## Notes on Contributors

ARTHUR SCHLESINGER JR. is a Pulitzer-prize winning historian. LEO MARX is on the faculty of American studies at the University of Minnesota. HOWARD BECKER, a jazz pianist, is in charge of a research team studying the sociology of urban medical practice in Kansas City.

# FILMS

*To Catch A Thief* is supposed to be a mystery having to do with the exertions Cary Grant must make as a famous jewel thief who has retired and is unjustly suspected of having resumed his vocation. The real mystery is how the product of Hitchcock's direction, given such care, toil and intelligence, could be so poor. Jessie Royce Landis gives a remarkable performance as the heroine's mother, and Danielle Lamar is more than remarkable, when the script permits her to be. As the incomparably sophisticated teen age rival of Grace Kelly for Cary Grant's heart, Miss Lamar delivers several remarks with a leer which suggests Mona Lisa elucidating Freud's theory of her enigmatic smile to Kraft-Ebing. In fact, all the actors are excellent, except Cary Grant. He wears a pained grin almost throughout the film and the sneakers or tennis shoes he wears are the only remnant of his usual aplomb. For although he is being pursued by Miss Kelly, Miss Lamar, the police and a set of hardened criminals he seems to be disturbed by something else, it is impossible to say just what, unless the clue is buried in the moment when he steps into a bus and finds himself seated next to Hitchcock himself (the director resembles, in this new version of his Old Master signature, both Humpty Dumpty and Buddha), and looks at him in a most peculiar way which, since it may mean anything, may very well mean: let's go back to America, get a new script and start all over again.

*To Catch a Thief*, Directed by Alfred Hitchcock (Paramount).

These remarks are misleading if they suggest that the film is anything but a dud. Nevertheless it is a significant dud, and Grace Kelly's role has the virtue of making clearer the quality which excited so much attention in previous roles—her sexual allure; and this in turn has a significance in relation to Hitchcock's career in America.

Miss Kelly's screen image is that of purity, chastity and modesty. She looks "aristocratic," which is of course not an American word and perhaps for that reason an American obsession. And it is not too much to suppose that one of the flashes of Hitchcock's original gen-

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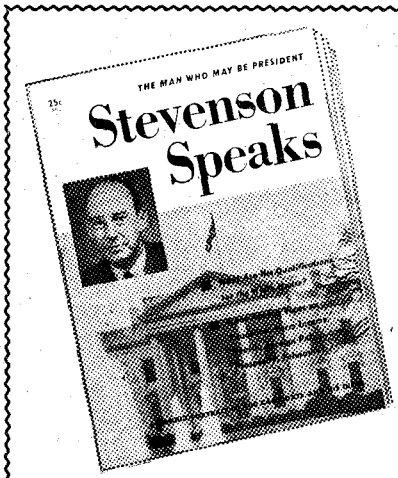
ius in *To Catch a Thief* is the contrast between her aristocratic look and her actual status as *noveau riche*, a contrast which Jessie Royce Landis as her mother continually makes explicit. The image of "class" is sustained just long enough to give the maximum effect to that moment when Miss Kelly suddenly, abruptly and yet with naturalness and a sly, faint smile takes the sexual initiative and keeps it without in the least diminishing the impression of lady-like respectability.

It was remarked that in *Mogambo* Miss Kelly had restored the wife as a sexual being, and her performance as a meek housewife in that film certainly left Ava Gardner looking quite old-fashioned and uninteresting. But this, like most of the expressions of admiration excited by Miss Kelly, is inadequate because it suggests that the cause of the excitement is merely her image upon the screen. The image is necessary, of course, but it would be ineffective without the most supple powers of an actress, the extreme imagination and intelligence which an absolute mastery of the illusion of spontaneity requires.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There is a good deal more to say, since Miss Kelly has a particular and fabulous significance which is not limited to the screen but illuminates the suburbs and thus American life in general; but here I must restrict myself to the bearing which her emergence as a star has upon Hitchcock's career as a director in relation to Hollywood. At one point in *To Catch A Thief* Miss Kelly tells Cary Grant that his impersonation of an American is wholly unconvincing; he is, she says, as bogus as the Americans encountered in British mystery films. This remark, unimportant in itself, is hilarious and sad when related to Hitchcock as the director of the film and the director of such masterpieces among British mystery films as *The Thirty-Nine Steps* and *The Lady Vanishes*. Hitchcock obviously knows that something is wrong and has been wrong since he came to America some 15 years ago. His awareness was evident in his remark last spring that the trouble with film melodrama at present is that all the spies have to be Communists. Some of his American films have certainly been good enough and most of them have been marked to one or another degree by the originality of his style. But he has never come closer than self-imitation to the sustained brilliance and invention of his best English films, which not only made him famous but have exercised an overwhelming influence upon the making of English films in general. Like a great realistic novelist, Hitchcock depended upon a milieu which he knew with the utmost intimacy. But this explanation can hardly be the whole story, for then it would only be necessary for Hitchcock to make films with an English background in America, as, in fact, he did, in *Rebecca*. Too many other gifted directors and actors have lost their magic or dissipated it in Hollywood.

To say that Hollywood is responsible for anyone's partial failure would be a far too familiar accusation and one which resembles the tendency to attribute the outbreak of a particular war to the sinfulness of human nature. But in *To Catch A Thief*, Grace Kelly's performance, and that of Jessie Royce Landis as well, provides concrete evidence of the ways in which Hollywood may be guilty and Hitchcock innocent. For just as Colette was responsible for Audrey Hepburn's start, so Hitchcock either discovered Grace Kelly or directed her far better than anyone else has. The emergence of both new stars, both genuine actresses, is a triumph of personality which would not have occurred if Hollywood's conception of what the public wants always prevailed, as it certainly does most of the time.

**The real trouble** is that Hollywood thinks that it knows what the public wants, which is inseparable from the view that you can fool all the people all the time and if you don't, the reason is that you yourself are a fool. This view is also implicit in the practice of the Svengalis of Madison Avenue, but they at least have the excuse, peculiar though it is, that they must persuade the public that it wants and needs what it neither needs nor wants, or something far more difficult, that one shaving cream is better than another, which is a falsehood.

Hollywood, by contrast, exists in relation to a genuine need of the public which it attempts to gratify by mere repetition or mere novelty. A successful film is imitated until it is an unbearable stereotype. And the slow panic caused by the competition of TV leads to one novelty after another. First the mechanical exploitation of depth made the public slightly cockeyed while the size of the screen grew until no further increase could occur without razing most of the motion picture houses in America. The latest bid for popularity is what may be termed tourism, as if the real rival were not TV, but the inexpensive cost of a subscription to the *National Geographic Magazine*.

The implications of Miss Kelly's success are various. But at least one implication is that Hollywood's surprise at her success shows that it does not know what the public wants. And Hitchcock very well *may* know. And now that Stephen, the Metro - Goldwyn - Mayer lion, has just died in Dublin, perhaps his roar, *ars gratia artis*, ought to be reinterpreted. The phrase means, as every Latinist kiows, Art for the sake of the Almighty Dollar, or *vox populi* box office. But perhaps it also means that when you judge all things by the gate, you bore others as you bore yourself. What the public may want (and what Hitchcock can give) is vividness and vitality of personality, genuineness of experience, a renewal of the excitement of curiosity and wonder.

DELMORE SCHWARTZ

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# CORRESPONDENCE

### ► Schorer and Satire

SIRS:

For all Mark Schorer's brilliance as a critic and sensitivity as a writer of fiction, his "re-assessment" of *Elmer Gantry* seems to me to be seriously distorted. His essential technique is to treat a book written in the ancient tradition of satire as if it were a contemporary novel of sensibility. It is as if one "re-assessed," say, *Volpone* or *The Alchemist* in the light of the Aristotelian principles of tragedy. The result of Mr. Schorer's approach is a "perspective by incongruity" which accentuates the brutality of *Elmer Gantry* without once hinting at its ability to give the special pleasure which satire gives—the pleasure of laughing at fools.

Surely to speak of *Elmer Gantry* as "a work of almost pure revulsion" which "seems to shudder and to shake with loathing at that which it describes" is to misrepresent, at least in part, the atmosphere of the book. Lewis is not really as tender-minded as all this. Lewis does indeed loath the stupidities he portrays, but his loathing issues in laughter more often than in shuddering and shaking.

Mr. Schorer's objection that in *Elmer Gantry* "nothing is missing but all religion and all humanity" is the old reproach against the satirist that he portrays only fools and knaves. But who expects from a satirist a representation of "all religion and all humanity"? The satirist's perspective is always a limited one; he always deals frankly, to one degree or another, in caricature. His monstrous creations are open ot the criticism of laughter from *any* civilized point of view, whether or not such a point of view is explicitly represented by characters in his work.

NORBERT F. O'DONNELL

*Bowling Green, Ohio*

### ► Life and Death and Egypt

SIRS:

Maybe, I am only guessing—wishfully guessing—that Egypt's clamoring for armament is motivated not so much by dreams of "revanche" *vis-à-vis* Israel, as by dreams of a "greater Egypt" *vis-à-vis* the Sudan.

In short, it is my guess that with the Gaza strip incidents as blinds, Egypt is trying to divert world attraction from what she really contemplates doing in the Sudan should the election there go against her. It is in the Sudan that she will need the huge military establishment she seeks to create and not in Israel.

Gaza to her is a game. The headwaters of the Nile—a question of life and death.

RABBI JULIUS A. LEIBERT

*San Francisco, California*

### ► Volunteers for Stevenson

SIRS:

We would like to call to the attention of your readers a new plan for fund-raising which we have originated here in Pittsburgh.

The Volunteers for Stevenson of this city re-organized after Stevenson's defeat in 1952 under the name of Independent Political Volunteers. One of our chief projects since that time has been to develop a plan to raise money for the presidential nominee of 1956—the one, of course, who was concordant with our political sentiments.

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JOHN HART

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